

P O E M S

O N

Several OCCASIONS,

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| <p>I. A short ESSAY on the Progress of <i>English</i> Poetry.</p> <p>II. On the <i>Rotund</i> erected by <i>Merwyn Pratt</i>, Esq;</p> <p>III. To a Gentleman of Fortune, on commencing Holy Orders.</p> <p>IV. To a Friend in Sickness.</p> <p>V. To a Gentleman, who promis'd his Letter of Recommendation.</p> <p>VI. To a Gentleman, who promis'd me Mr. <i>Addison's</i> Works.</p> <p>VII. A short Pastoral.</p> <p>VIII. On <i>Christmas</i> Day.</p> <p>IX. On Painting.</p> <p>X. To the Rt. Hon. the Lord <i>Kingsland</i>.</p> <p>XI. To the Hon. <i>Thomas Coote</i>, Esq;</p> | <p>XII. An Epitaph on <i>Steven Taffe</i>, Esq;</p> <p>XIII. From a Gentleman to a Lady.</p> <p>XIV. An Elegy on Little <i>Meredy</i>.</p> <p>XV. On the <i>Sawyers</i> Procession.</p> <p>XVI. On the <i>Boyn</i> Rock.</p> <p>XVII. Verses, to the Air of <i>Tweed-Side</i>.</p> <p>XVIII. ——— to the Air of <i>Bonny Jane</i>.</p> <p>XIX. ——— to the Air of <i>Bonny Broom</i>.</p> <p>XX. A Valentine to a Girl, whose Mother makes Pyes and Tarts.</p> <p>XI. To Mr. <i>Stanley</i>, Apothecary.</p> |
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By HENRY JONES.

D U B L I N :

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T O

Mervyn Pratt, Esq;

SIR,

I Doubt not but you will be surpriz'd to see the following Trifles venture abroad, under the Protection of your Name. I must confess, that nothing but the highest Confidence of your Humanity and Candour, could have emboldened me to prostrate them at your Feet, being convinc'd by the many Instances of your Favours, of what I may modestly expect from your Goodness upon this Occasion, even your kind Reception. The best Part of the following Papers relates immediately to yourself, having had their

a 2

Birth

Birth beneath your friendly Roof, and
 some of them their Maturity from
 your own Hand. Gratitude therefore,
 as well as prudence obliges me to
 make my Acknowledgment, by of-
 fering them as so many Orphans, to
 the Shelter of your Compassion, in
 Hopes you will not only pardon this
 Assurance, but also receive them, as
 the best Testimony of the Respects
 of him who is,

S I R,

Your most grateful,

Most Sincere,

and most obliged

Humble Servant,

HENRY JONES.



POEMS on several Occasions, &c.

A short ESSAY on the Progress of *English* POETRY.

TO *Grecian* Numbers *Homer's* Harp was strung,
And *Virgil* triumph'd in the *Latin* Song ;
But *Milton* on *Urania's* Wings did rise,
And open'd wide the Curtain of the Skies ;
By Aid Divine, Celestial Scenes he drew,
And brought Embattl'd Seraphs in our View ;
A Flight so high to Mortal ne'er was given,
Till *Milton* sung the mighty War in Heaven ;
When with Thunder the bless'd Messiah rode,
Astonish'd Fiends confess'd their awful God ;
By Force resistless, trembling Hosts he hurl'd
To dreadful Dungeons, of the Nether World.
Dismay'd in Circles, Rebel Angels fell,
And sunk beneath the gloomy Shades of Hell.
Not so feign'd Gods with ancient Giants strove,
When Mortals mock'd the Thunderbolts of *Jove*.
Those fearful Powers from raging Monsters fled,
Whil'st *Egypt* screen'd them from the unwieldy Dread.
Our Sacred Bard inflam'd, by Angels fir'd,
On azure Wings to heav'nly Truths aspir'd :

What

What pass'd above e're this vast World began,
 Or glittering Stars did light the Seat of Man;
 When unborn Nature, in its Womb did sleep,
 And sable Darkness veil'd the dusky Deep;
 When shapeless Matter in jumbld Atoms lay,
 And Hard with Soft, and Night was mix'd with Day.
 Thus sung our *English* Bard in glorious Strains,
 Whil'st more than *Homer's* Stile his Song sustains:

In *Cowly's* Theme the Son of *Jesse* shines;
 And mourning *David's* lovely in his Lines;
 He whom God to Kingly Power did call,
 Whose Wings preserv'd him from the Rage of *Saul*;
 Such pious Charms in his bright Soul did raise,
 Which flam'd a glowing and continued Blaze.
 Surpriz'd with Wonder, in his Songs we meet
 A flowing Stream, and endless Source of Wit.

To *Cromwell's* Fame sweet *Waller's* Lyre was strung;
 Th' Usurper lives, because the Poet Sung.
 His manly Notes so lofty and sublime,
 Made hardy Treason with a Lustre shine.

When *Waller* did in melting Measures sing,
 He lull'd th' Execution of a King.
Waller sure turn'd our *English* Hearts to Stone,
 When, careless of a King, and empty Throne,
 Their harden'd Souls, remorseless did rejoice,
 And Treason triumph'd in the publick Choice.

Our *Dryden* next; can we his Praise refuse,
 In Honour of his high exalted *Muse*?
 To him shall future Times their Thanks express,
 For well chose Tales, and *Virgil's English* Verse.

The noble *Muse* of *Buckhurst* on her Wing,
 Taught humble *Prior* in sweet Notes to sing:
 Our ancient Bards he tuned to modern Lays;
 To *Buckhurst's* Glory, and to *Prior's* Praise.

Whil'st *Phœbus* does his dazling Circles run,
 Our Isle will boast the Name of *Addison*;
 His Numbers equal all old Poets knew,
 In lofty Strains he far exceeds the new,
 In his bold Scenes the *Roman* Virtues shine,
 And *Cato's* Soul appears in every Line.

Triumphant

Triumphant in his Country's native Strain,
 Paints *Ros'mond's* Fate, and *Marlborough's* Campaign.

Harmonious *Congreve* the softest *Muse* inspir'd;
Congreve by all the tuneful Throng admit'd:
 Around his Head immortal Bays shall bloom;
 For Fame with him laments *Pastora's* Gloom.

To *Parnel's* Praise may every Tongue combine,
 For flowing Sweetness, and his Songs divine:
 In sprightly Numbers, and a melting Strain,
 We taste the Treasures of his dulcid Vein.
 These happy Bards did living Crowns acquire,
 Immortal Fame transmits their glorious Fire.

The *Muses* still with chearful Aspects smile,
 With verdant Laurels blooming in our Isle;
 Since tuneful *Pope* his Harp from *Homer* strung,
 To sound the Beauties of our copious Tongue:
 His matchless Pen displays to vulgar View,
 What Nature's Force, and *English* Words could do.

O *Muse* indulgent! lend an equal Strain,
 To sing harmonious Numbers to the *Dean*.
 Far be the Day, when Mankind are bereft
 Of thy bold Patriot Pen, Immortal *Swift*;
 For thee above some glorious Throne remains,
 Who bravely broke thy Country's brazen Chains;
 And did'st with great and virtuous Courage join,
 To baffle *Wood*, and sink his droffy Coin.
 To speak thy Merit, in my humble View,
 Thou art our *Horace*, and *Mecenas* too.
 Let *Ireland* triumph in her Laurel'd Son,
 That to his Country has such Honours done:
 Beneath his Shade the blooming Youth appears,
 Mature in Wit, but slender yet in Years:
 His rising Genius, and his envy'd Name,
 Bespeak his Glory in the Rolls of Fame.
 In groveling Numbers thus I'd fain declare,
 The Progress of the sweet tongu'd *Muses* here.
 With trembling Pinions and a feeble Quill,
 I strove in vain to mount the sacred Hill;
 The distant Top disturbs my aking Sight,
 Retards my Progress, and corrects my Flight.

On



On the ROTUND, erected by
Mervyn Pratt, Esq;

Within this Dome each curious Eye may view,
 What ancient *Greeks*, and learned *Romans* knew :
 Here Columns plac'd, in stately Order stand,
 And proudly boast the skilful Artist's Hand ;
 Their spiral Heads *Ionick* Stile displays,
 The Artist's Pride, but more the Master's Praise :
 Their Shafts a female Comeliness express,
 And speak the Beauties of a *Grecian* Dress.
 The fretted Roof next does the Eye engage ;
 A lively Emblem of *Augustus*' Age ;
 When *Marcus* did the lofty *Pantheon* rear
 For *Rome*'s immortal Gods, and plac'd them there.
 A Circle here in reverend Form appears,
 The ancient Virtue of two thousand Years ;
 Whose Name's as glorious as the rising Day,
 Their Fame still bright'ning on the moulded Clay :
 Hence also from their awful Busts we learn,
 How mighty Heroes blooming Wreaths did earn :
 How *Scipio* conquer'd, how *Alcides* fought ;
Faustina charm'd, and wise *Aurelius* taught.
 Here fated *Meleager*'s Flame we mourn ;
 A Mother's Furies his too early Urn :
Seneca shining in the Rolls of Fame,
 His Precepts blast a wretched Tyrant's Name ;
 Sublime his Morals, his Reas'ning's refin'd,
 Of Force to soften bloody *Nero*'s Mind.
 The Sage in vain the fruitless Task did try,
 And gain'd at last an easier Way to die.
Plato divine by heavenly Ray inspir'd,
 For Man's Instruction was so greatly fir'd.

Through

Through Nature's Mists, pointed to bless'd Abodes,
 And taught th'immortal Soul in spight of Heathen Gods:
 These awful Busts do grace thy curious Dome,
 Who've search'd the polish'd Stores of *Greece* and *Rome*.
 Here you've plac'd what ancient Story told,
 A Treasure far more precious than their Gold.
 O'er rugged *Alps* you sought the nobler Prize;
 And courted Dangers, to become more wise:
 Nor slightly curious did you thither go,
 To breath new Air, or make an empty Show;
 As many do o'er spacious Regions roam,
 Not bringing Art, but various Vices home.
 Not so thy virtuous Judgment thee inclin'd;
 Their Ore you chose, but left the Dross behind.
 Thy Skill has rear'd a Pattern in our Land,
 Since on thy Fort we see thy *Pantheon* stand.
 A lively Image of *Agrippa's* Toil,
 Appears triumphant in our Northern Soil.
Hibernia now with joyful Pride may see,
Vitruvian Taste, and *Greek* display'd by thee.
 Accept this Tribute of an humble *Muse*,
 Nor do thy Praise in feeble Strains refuse.



To a Young Gentleman of Fortune, on Commencing Holy Orders.

SAY virtuous Youth, what does thy Mind inspire?
 To shun the World, and from its Cares retire:
 Scorning this frail, and transient vain Abode,
 Inlisted in the Service of thy God.
 The happier Choice is to thy Wishes given,
 To be an early Voluntier for Heaven.
 No Pomp of Life could force thee to refrain,
 The meek *Messiah* and his Pilgrim's Train:
 Beneath his Banner the Tempter to repel,
 And snatch the Sinner from the Jaws of Hell.

B

With

With pious Valour wield the Ghostly Sword,
 And conquer *Satan* by thy Master's Word:
 His dread Commands do thou observe and keep,
 And be a watchful Pastor to his Sheep;
 Against their Foe sustain th' important Strife,
 And to thy Flock dispense the Bread of Life.
 Beware that they the wily Wolf withstand,
 And feed 'em from thy consecrating Hand.
 Let thy good Deeds a shining Lamp still burn;
 And more by Practice than by Preaching turn.
 Not once a Week content thy Charge to see,
 Let all thy Life one constant Sermon be;
 That when thy Lord shall in the Clouds appear,
 Thy Head a Crown of Righteousness may wear:
 And then with him in pious Joy shall boast;
 Behold, of those you gave me none are lost.
 Be this thy Task, let this thy Hours employ;
 Give Sinners Comfort, and give Angels Joy.
 In thy bless'd Function chearfully rejoice;
 Thy Work not by Necessity but Choice.
 A pious *Atlas*, bear th' incumbent Load;
 And be a Pillar in the House of God.
 On Faith's firm Basis ever rest secure;
 And every Shock of changing Time endure.
 Sedate in Life's precarious Windings go,
 Not tost by various Interests to and fro.
 To sacred Dignities do thou aspire,
 And be thy Master's, and thy Flock's Desire;
 That e're thy Honours in the Dust be laid,
 The sacred Mitre may adorn thy Head.
 Be as a skilful Pilot on this stormy Sea,
 To steer thy Vessel in the faithful Way;
 That when this Life's tempestuous Course is past,
 You may rest secure upon the wish'd for Coast.



To a Friend in Sickness.

WHEN late the sad Account I heard,
 That racking Pains disturb'd thy Rest;

My anxious Soul thy Sorrow shar'd ;
 My Heart beat thick within my Breast,
 O God ! I said, thy Mercy show,
 Let Angels guard my Friend,
 Eternal King avert the Blow,
 And round his Bed thy Comfort send.
 Let Health her azure Wings expand,
 And let us greet the welcome Dove.
 O ! send that Carrier from thy Hand,
 And all his bitter Pangs remove.
 With earnest Wish I thus implor'd,
 The mighty One that governs all ;
 And for thy Sake I low ador'd,
 And for thy Ease did humbly call.
 Let chearful Hope thy Soul inspire ;
 Let Faith sustain thy troubled Mind ;
 One contrite Tear will quench his Ire,
 And move thy Maker to be kind.
 No hallow'd Straws nor Bones you need,
 No Virgin's Milk, nor Merits vain :
 One rosy Drop which Christ did bleed,
 Will sooth thy Sorrow and thy Pain.



To a Gentleman, who promis'd his
 Letter of Recommendation.

NO Court-dependant in his Corner stands,
 When flush'd with Hopes to kiss his Patron's Hand ;
 Who grudges neither Time nor Pains, the while,
 If he procures the Favour of a Smile.
 No Country Curate at Levee does appear,
 When big with Hopes of fifty Pound a Year ;
 With meagre Looks, and many a cringing Sorape,
 To show the Merits of his tatter'd Crape.
 No poor Cadee, impatient of a Post,
 Whose Money's spent, and nearest Friends are lost ;
 That

That now has nothing left to shew him big,
 But shatter'd Ruffles, and a powder'd Wigg.
 Believe me, Sir, not one of all the three
 Has stronger Hopes, or wilder Thoughts than me.
 But still I hope my Views are founded better,
 Since I'm to get your kind and friendly Letter :
 And on my Word, I'll gratefully receive it,
 And humbly thank the worthy Hand that gave it.
 So now I value not the Rogues a Rush ;
 I hope to make a Fortune of my Brush.



To a Gentleman, who promised me
 the Works of Mr. *Addison*.

NO stripling, puny Priest desires more,
 To steal from *Austins*, or from *Grotius*' Store ;
 When knotty Themes his muddy Brains has vex't,
 And he is puzz'd to pursue his Text :
 No unfledg'd Lawyer essaying at the Bar,
 With empty Head-Piece, and a noisy Jar ;
 Was e'er so sorely anxious to invoke,
 Some speedy Aid from *Bracton*, or from *Coke* :
 No plaguy Quack, that of Success despairs,
 Who's trembling for his Credit and his Ears :
 And when for both he's wofully afraid,
 He flies for Help to *Galen*, or to *Mede* :
 No Bard, alas ! divested of his Bays,
 On whom a Swarm of hungry Criticks preys ;
 When charg'd with Spleen, and for his latest Shift,
 He makes Address to *Horace*, or to *Swift* ;
 Not one of all the Donny Rogues I nam'd,
 When in the Dumps, and of their Works asham'd ;
 Did ever long with more intense Concern
 T' improve their Knowledge, and their Arts to learn ;
 Than I to read those Lines of *Addison*,
 Where *Britons* beat, and fairy *Frenchmen* run.
 Who knows, when I've paus'd a while his Theme,
 But I next Year may grow like him in Fame.

If former Friends their triple League advance;
 By *Jove* I'll write, and they shall cudgel *France*.
 When like a Wren upon his Wings, I raise,
 With *England's* Fame I'll mix your worthy Praise.

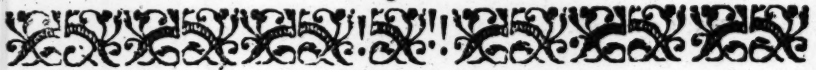


A short Pastoral.

Remember my *Mira*, when I'm gone away,
 Those pleasant sweet Arbours where once we did
 Likewise the Meads, the Valleys, the Brooks, [play;
 Whose murmuring Streams reflected your Looks:
 Think of those Thickets, where we did beguile,
 The Noon's burning Rays, and the *Meridian* Toil.
 Forget not the Flowers, where we used to sit;
 Remember the Roses which blush'd at your Feet,
 When the proud Daisies their Leaves did expand,
 And seem'd to rejoice, when touch'd by your Hand.
 O! call then to mind those amorous Hours,
 We spent with such Joy in the *Jessamine* Bowers;
 When Mirth and Amusement made us both gay,
 And innocent Pleasures deluded the Day;
 'Till Evening's cool Breezes invited us forth,
 To hear the Flocks bleating, and see the Lambs sport;
 And smell the sweet Gales that were fann'd from each Bush,
 To hear the Notes sung by the Lark and the Thrush:
 Those warbling Strains that our Loves did inspire,
 Which rung through the Grove by the feathered Quire.
 Remember the Rivul'ts which smoothly did glide,
 When we pass'd pleasantly by their Banks Side;
 And you in sweet Humour would oftentimes say,
 My Love shall as lasting, as true be as they.
 When chearfully proffer'd and promis'd such Bliss,
 I often embolden'd, would steal a sweet Kiss;
 Whil'st you with a Blush, would seem to be coy,
 And patting my Cheek, you 'd call me bold Boy.
 Can you, my dear Nymph, for ever forget,
 When at the Sheep Fold one Evening we met;

When

When *Phœbus* was sinking to *Thetis's* Bed,
 And *Cynthia* was rearing her Silver pale Head ;
 When lending your Hand to help a weak Lamb,
 You tenderly led him to suckle his Dam ;
 Surpriz'd at my Presence, you seem'd much afraid,
 And bid me begone, not injure a Maid.
 Startl'd a little, I soon turn'd away,
 But saw your bright Eyes invited my Stay ;
 Tempted by Beauty, your Looks and your Charms,
 And wing'd with Desire, I flew to your Arms.
 Where lost in Delight your Bosom I press'd ;
 But Night, Love and you can tell all the rest ;
 Remember my Charmer, remember what past,
 And let thy Affections for ever then last.
 Let Love in my *Mira* unspotted still burn ;
 And let her be faithful 'till *Colin* return.



On Christmas Day.

HA I L suspicious Day, whose Dawn gave Birth,
 To him who conquer'd Death and Hell ;
 Welcome bless'd Morn, that brought a God to Earth,
 A God with sinful Dust to dwell.
 And thou Refulgent Star, whose glorious Ray,
 Did'st usher in the Sun of Peace,
 And gave the Glimpses of Eternal Day,
 To *Adam's* dark and wandering Race.
 When the bright Host inspir'd with holy Zeal,
 Did the sweet Heav'nly Message bring ;
 And to the simple Shepherds did reveal,
 The new born Prophet, Priest and King.
 He equal to the all-tremenduous Name,
 Assum'd the Form of sinful Man ;
 Vail'd in the Vesture of our humane Frame,
 His Work of peerless Love began.
 He who rules the Stars, the copious Globe and Hell ;
 To whom the Seraphs sing above ;

For

For us did in a sordid Manger dwell ;
 O! Mirrour of Almighty Love,
 In holy Raptures let our Souls arise ;
 No earthly Clogs our Flight delay ;
 And with the Altar's hallow'd Sacrifice,
 Adore the Author of this Day.

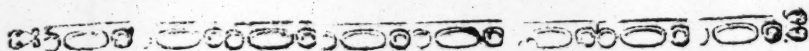


To the Rt. Hon. Lord *Kingland*

What humble Tribute shall the *Muse* afford,
 To hail her Patron, and approach her Lord ;
 What melting flowing Numbers shall she find,
 To speak the Transports of a ravish'd Mind ;
 In Notes unknown to raise her rural Lays,
 And sing of Virtue, and to *Kingland's* Praise :
 The noble Theme my joyful Fancy fires,
 Inflames my Genius, and my Soul inspires.
 On lofty Pinnions boldly now I soar,
 Attempting Heights I never sought before.
 So from her Nest th' unfledged Lark does try,
 To spread her Wings, and fearful learns to fly ;
 With feeble Strokes she fans the nether Air,
 Nor dares to mount, withheld by native Fear ;
 'Till warm'd to Strength by *Phœbus'* genial Ray,
 She wings the *Æther*, and explores the Day.
 Now let *Hibernia's* laurel'd Sons rejoice,
 And crown their Wishes in their Patron's Choice,
 In him secure Politeness still shall thrive,
 And Arts and Learning in his Race shall live.
 Those noble Pledges for some future Age,
 To nurse the Hero, and support the Stage :
 Reform the Coxcomb, and reclaim the Fool ;
 Refine the Genius, and improve the Soul.
 Hail bright Pair in sacred Union join'd,
 To be the Darling of each others Mind ;
 Enjoy those Banquets virtuous Love can give ;
 Still feast on Bliss, and for each other live.

May

May soft Content, improving new Delights,
 Smile on your Days, and crown with Joy your Nights;
 May Fate propitious downy Pleasures shed,
 And Genial Sweets surround your nuptial Bed,
 That Scene of Raptures, where Love's sacred Fire
 Inflames new Bliss, and kindles chaste Desire;
 Where ming'ling Minds in Ecstasy are lost,
 For blended Souls refine Fruition most,
 From that pure Source, where ev'ry Grace accords,
 May issue Heroes, and a Race of Lords.
 Let after Times admire their shining Fame,
 And distant Years revere a *Barnwall's* Name;
 Whose noble Soul no earthly Toys can move,
 From sacred Honour, or his Maker's Love.



The following Lines are humbly in-
 scribed to the Hon. *Tho Coote*, Esq;

AS a tir'd Pilgrim, long by Tempests toss'd,
 With chearful Eyes beholds his native Coast;
 Replete with Joy he views the welcome Shoar,
 Where safe repos'd, he dreads the Waves no more:
 His Feet impatient seek the peaceful Soil,
 Where lull'd at Ease, he fears no future Toil.
 So long the virtuous Man for heavenly Ease,
 And waits with Joy the Evening of his Days;
 When well discharg'd of e'ery Earthly Load,
 His Soul's on Wing to rest secure with God:
 His Mind enlarg'd from all precarious Strife,
 He feels the Transports of a well spent Life.
 Such Bliss rewards his painful Labours past,
 And soothes his Toils with Hopes of heavenly Rest.
 Rejoice good Man, the Hour will shortly come,
 When Angels waft thee to thy happy Home.
 Then shall thy Pains to pious Ends design'd,
 Immortal Sweets in heavenly Mansions find.

O glorious

O glorious Day, when Conscience sets thee free,
 And, *Euge bene*, is pronounc'd to thee,
 Blame not the Essay of a willing *Muse*,
 Which would thy Virtue for her Subject chuse:
 With gentle Censure view each feeble Line,
 Excuse th' Attempt, nor blame the weak Design.
 O could my slender, low and feeble Vein
 Describe thy Goodness in a proper Strain;
 How would my ravish'd *Muse* thy Fame rehearse,
 And hope to be immortal in such Verse.
 To praise thy Worth, whom shall I most commend,
 The noble Patriot, or the worthy Friend?
 Since both conspicuous in thy Life we see,
 With open Candour and a Temper free.
 Thy good Endeavours daily aim this End,
 To serve thy Country, and regard thy Friend:
 To both your Bounty and your Wish you give;
 Nor for yourself, but for their Welfare live.
 Thy steady Mind unmov'd in Changes stood,
 And still thy Actions aim the publick Good.
 To thee th' oppress'd; for quick Redress apply'd,
 Nor was their Cause, tho' poor, by thee deny'd:
 With thee impartial Justice did prevail,
 To poize the Ballance in an equal Scale.
 Thy awful Hand was by the unruly fear'd,
 As thy good Name is by the Just rever'd.
 So once the Father of the *Roman* State,
 Incurr'd the Glory of a Tyrant's Hate:
 No adverse Blast could shock his stedfast Soul;
 Pointing to Virtue as her constant Pole;
 No courtly Poms could his great Mind ensnare;
 His Country's Cause was still his nearest Care;
 Like him for a Kingdom's Good you daily Toil,
 And shines the *Cato* of a suffering Isle.
 Many has thy Hand from dreadful Wants preserv'd;
 Thy Hand, which gives Industry her Reward;
 Snatching the Needy from Defraud and Stealth,
 You made 'em virtuous, and you gave them Wealth.
 Thy Bounty does a double Good impart,
 Improve the Mind, and humanize the Heart.

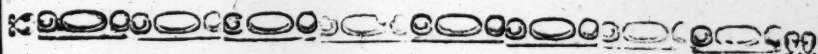
Their grateful Prayers like Incense doth arise,
 And wafts on high thy Morning Sacrifice.
 When mov'd by friendly Love, you deign to come
 And with thy Presence cheer thy best lov'd Home.
 The eager Throng in Emulation live,
 And gazing Crowds their Acclamations give;
 A general Joy in every Face appears,
 And hoary Sires assume their youthful Years;
 The Infants in their Mothers Arms do wait,
 And strive to blifs thee, as they learn to speak.
 So pious *Job* divine Applause did meet,
 When Numbers hail'd his Presence in each Street.
 With Rapture in thy late decline of Days,
 Enjoy thy Children, and thy Country's Praise.
 Behold the Offspring of thy chaste Embrace,
 The hopeful Pledges of thy virtuous Race.
 As Branches blooming from the Cedar Tree,
 Imbibe a pious Odour still from thee.
 So *Isr'el's* Sons the Fathers of each Tribe,
 Enjoy'd the Gifts a Patriarch did divide;
 When round his Couch each weeping Child did stand,
 And took the Blessings from his dying Hand.
 And so may thou, when Heaven appoints the Day,
 Thy Soul to Blifs shall wing its pearly Way;
 Thy latest Legacy of Love dispense,
 And in the Arms of Peace depart from hence.



An Epitaph on *Steven Taffe, Esq;*

ENough, O Grave! now fill thy greedy Womb:
 Awake ye Dead, and give the Worthy Room.
 Acquired Fame on solid Basis stands;
 The Virtuous ev'n Fate and Fame commands.
 Illustrious Consorts grac'd his happy Life,
 And smiling Fortune crown'd him in a Wife.
 But Earthly Joys are transient in their Stay;
 By Death eclips'd, a Night obscures their Day;

'Till that glorious gilded Morn is come.
 When happy Saints receive their final Doom.
 The meeting Atoms from the Tomb shall rise ;
 If Mortals sleep, yet Virtue never dies.



From a Gentleman to his Mistress.

HOW long, my Nymph, shall I complain,
 And charge thee *Lesbia* with Disdain ;
 When will thy Heart to Love incline,
 And ease this scorching Breast of mine.
 A warmer Flame, a purer Fire,
 The God of Love did ne'er inspire,
 Than in my Bosom burns for thee ;
 And shall increase eternally.
 Ah ! must I then repine in Care,
 And fill my Mind with black Despair ;
 Or shall I think that partial Fate,
 Decrees no Bliss but for the Great.
 Can it the Beam unequal hold,
 And sink the Scale with droffy Gold ?
 Must none enjoy those melting Charms,
 Or taste the Heaven within those Arms ;
 But he whom Fortune ever blind,
 Did in her fickle Mazes find :
 What she profusely heaps to Day,
 To Morrow's Dawn may snatch away.
 When Riches spread their downy Wings,
 And all the Ores of *India* brings.
 If shining Dust in Heaps arise.
 To glut the grov'ling Miser's Eyes ;
 He rowls supine amid'st his Stores ;
 His sordid Soul the Dust adores.
 He fondly believes his Bliss secure,
 And thinks his Joys will still endure ;
 Nor dreams that Fortune in an Hour,
 Can all his Wealth and Hopes devour.

His

His boasted Claim is just as good,
 Who vaunts of Fame and noble Blood.
 For whence can he derive his Race;
 Or higher his long Lineage trace;
 Than when the senseless Clay began,
 To glow with Life, and warm to Man.
 The Offspring of the eldest Pair,
 Of Honour held an equal Share;
 Except what Nature claim'd as due,
 No other Titles then they knew.
 The Springs were at the Source the same,
 Began alike their Course of Fame;
 But some through clearer Channels past,
 And seem'd more noble than the rest.
 'Tis Time the mighty Change does bring,
 Which lifts the Peasant to be King.
 The shifting Dame can tumble down,
 The Regal Scepter, and the Crown.
 In such Confusions often tost,
 Honour's gone, Distinction's lost.
 Immortal Love shall higher rise,
 And live refin'd above the Skies:
 When Wealth and Honour's vanish'd here,
 Love will reign triumphant there.
 My charming Maid lay by thy Art,
 And take this Guest into thy Heart;
 Nor longer spurn a dying Swain,
 Who triumphs only in his Chain.
 Forbear by Times my Hopes to kill,
 And be not thus so fickle still.
 O wear those Smiles which Nature gave,
 And scorn t' insult thy captive Slave.
 Disdain to make vain Wealth thy Boast,
 But pity him who loves thee most.



On Painting.

1. **T**HE Kind'red *Muse* resigns her Bays,
 And fain would soar in notes Divine;

To

To sing the Magic Pencil's Praise,
And make the glowing Canvass shine.

2. See conscious Nature yields the Prize,
And blushing views her Art outdone;
Whilst rowling Years their Glories rise,
Who have immortal Laurels won.

3. My grateful *Muse* cannot refrain,
But gladly tunes her humble Lyre;
And dedicates each chearful Strain,
To the fam'd PAINTER's hallow'd Fire:

4. Hail bright Art, by Heav'n ordain'd,
Th' exalted Force of Skill sublime;
Since by thy Strokes is still retain'd,
The mighty Deeds of ancient Time.

5. When this vast World in Chaos lay,
E're yet the formless Mass was chang'd;
When gloomy Night was mix'd with Day,
Before the rowling Orbs were rang'd:

6. Th' Almighty Artist shew'd his Skill,
The wide Expanse his Canvass made,
The flowing Pencil of his Will,
Painted Lights Etherial Shade.

7. With stronger Touch he form'd the Stars;
In grosser Grounds the Earth he laid;
The surging Deep his Skill declares,
His Landskip is the woody Shade.

8. Then Man compleats the vast Design,
The last of all Creation born;
His Face came nearest to Divine,
And best display'd his Maker's Form.

9. The Power beheld him with Delight,
And quickly saw that Man must die;
When lost in Shades of gloomy Night,
His fleeting Soul from hence must fly.

10. His Bounty mov'd him to impart,
A Portion of 's Creative Skill;

He

To

He then infus'd the Painter's Art ;
 Inspir'd the Poet's deathless Quill.

11. Hand in Hand *Olympus's* Top they chose,
 And always quaff *Castalian* Spring,
 Where *Virgil's* Laurel ever grows,
 And *Titian's* Fame shall ever ring.
12. The Sister Sciences do thrive,
 In Arts refin'd and sacred Love ;
 Their blooming Wreaths are still alive,
 The latest Test of Time to prove.
13. Whil'st Mortals view the rising Sun,
 Prepar'd his Radiant Course to go ;
 The World will praise the bright *Lebrun*,
 And speak the Fame of *Angelo*.
14. Great *Urban*, *Reuben* and *Vandike*
 Such lasting Monuments did raise,
 Which ever will the Fancy strike,
 And speak their own immortal Praise.
15. O! happy *Kneller*, by whom we see
 A Royal Race of Kings display'd ;
 A deathless Pledge to them and thee,
 Preserv'd by thy delusive Shade.
16. Thy Strokes secur'd, shall ever shine,
 In spite of mouldering Years ;
 Still guarded by each golden Line,
 That in thy *Addie's* Page appears.
17. To *Fervice* now do Lords resort ;
 And Ladies for his Leisure wait ;
 His Skill is valued much at Court,
 Himself carress'd by all the Great.
18. Then let us fill a brimming Bowl,
 To keep our Patrons still in Mind ;
 Since Wine gives Wings unto the Soul,
 We scorn a Genius that's confin'd.

An



An Elegy on little *Meredy*.

SHame on thee Death, and thy remorseless Dart,
 Which found a Passage to his harmless Heart ;
 And quench'd the Vigour of that vital Flame,
 Whole Heat gave Birth to many a tuneful Theme.
 Could not his Wit restrain thy frozen Hand ;
 Nor holy Rhimes thy mortal Sting withstand :
 Ah no! nor Wit, nor Piety could save
 His puny Carcass from the greedy Grave.
 Lament you Sons of *Phœbus* now, and mourn,
 And let your Tears bedew his little Urn :
 No more, alas! in witty Verse he'll talk,
 Which lack'd no Feet, although he ne'er could walk ;
 But Wings he had, and mounted high at Will,
 On wooden Pinions to *Parnassus'* Hill.
 Late in the Town he seldom did appear,
 Unless retarded by a Dose of Beer ;
 And then indeed he never grudg'd to stay,
 And crack his Crock 'till near the Break of Day.
 When *Leland's* Liquor warm'd his nimble Brains,
 He touch'd the Reed, and sung his merry Strains.
 How sweetly would he tune each Note and Lay,
 To sing of *Easter*, or on *Christmas-Day* ;
 And, O! what pious Charms did sweetly shine,
 In every Stanza of his Songs divine.
 In Odes and Elegies he did excel ;
 And told a mournful Story wond'rous well :
 Indeed he did, for all can tell the same,
 Who saw his Songs of *Charity* and *Fame*.
 The constant Labour of his Hand and Rod,
 Was training Children in the Fear of God.
 It's hard to tell what Pains he chiefly took,
 To make them pious, or to mind their Book.
 The hapless Youth that stir'd his Mind to Anger,
 Felt the Fury of his crooked Finger ;
 When fast he grip'd 'em by the Button-Hole,
 And shew'd the tart Discipline of his School.

The Logwood Ruler with a weighty Blow,
 Repell'd the Nails that dare indecent grow:
 Besides he took such good diligent Care,
 That Boys should black their Shoes, and comb their Hair.
 What Parents then could e'er begrudge him *Sterling*,
 He taught their Sons such Manners with their Learning.
 A Clerk he was, and did Devotion cherish;
 But seldom said *Amen* in *Mary's* Parish:
 Th' indulgent Priest, to ease his weekly Cares,
 To *Peter's* sent him still to say his Prayers.
 Loth his Brother's pious Flock to hinder,
 And plaugy sparing of his Pulpit-Timber;
 In vain he strove to save his Waste of Breath,
 His little Organs were untun'd by Death.
 Now he's gone where we must follow after,
 And left his Care to serious *Billy Carter*.
 May these poor Lines be seen in his Behalf:
 The next shall be his humble Epitaph.

Beneath this Sod he silent lies,
 Who once crack'd many a Joke;
 His Bulk, tho' but a Pigmie Size,
 With Gyant's Wit he always spoke.
 His little Body's now at Rest,
 The happy Soul to Heaven is fled;
 We'll hear no more his merry Jest,
 For, Oh! alack a-day he's dead.

On the Sawyers Proceſſion

BEhold, my *Muse*, nor dread the Critick's Claw,
 But sound thy Notes in *Chorus* to the *Saw*;
 Hoarse as itself may all thy Numbers flow,
 In sturdy Strains to praise the gallant Show;
 Nor care a Fig what Wits do frown or smile,
 But tune thy Distichs to the *Lyrick* File;
 Thence thy Scale of grateing Musick bring,
 Nor weak nor faintly of the *Sawyers* sing:
 Loud as themselves, when e'roy jarring Stroke
 Does rend the Texture of some knotted Oak. —

Hair.

ng.

O O

O m

O may my Lines produce such bustling Stir,
 As when their Arms divide the crack'ling Fir,
 To make their Worth in lofty Sonnets shine,
 I scorn the *Compass*, or the *Chalking Line*.
 Disdaining Method in my daring Song,
 By Rule of Thumb, I fear not to run wrong.
 Tho' I deal with Judges of both Rhime and Wit,
 Because their Station's always in the P I T ;
 Yet like the most who fill that Place, we know
 Their Sense is sometimes high, and sometimes low.
 This Truth indeed confess I freely must
 We're all beholden to their friendly Dust ;
 For that which serves to cool their sweaty Feet,
 Preserves the Wine which warms the Poets Wit ;
 Those sacred Atoms form a funeral Bed,
 And *Sawyers* Dust is buried with the Dead.
 But see themselves ! a Train and sprightly Band,
 That does our Wonder and Surprise command :
 See, see, they march in gaudy proud Array,
 With various Ribbons, glittering in the Day :
 Behold their Arms, which rends the massy Beam,
 And pulls and hauls like Horses in a Team ;
 With martial Order move in Pomp along,
 A dreadful Bluff and well disciplin'd Throng :
 The cutting Ax appears serenely bold,
 An endless War with Blocks and Boards to hold.
 The gaping Crowd their manly Praises speak,
 And *Creeping Joiners* in their Levee wait ;
 With craving Visage at their Elbow stand,
 And begs the Labour of their nervous Hand.
 On them the Herd of hungry Starvings wait,
 Like Beggars mumping at some great Man's Gate :
 How pitiful the silly *Chips* appear,
 And cringing come for some of their *Phineer* ;
 And sadly tell their heavy mournful Tale,
 When forc'd to idle for some two-cut Deal :
 From Morn till Noon the splendid Gang we meet,
 In solemn Motion pass through every Street ;
 Then all agree, with fierce accord Repair,
 To cram their Crows with good and wholesome Fare ;

D

Fo

For *Ax* and *Wedge*, they wield the *Knife* and *Fork*,
 Instead of *Saws*, their *Teeth* begin to work.
 A dreadful Carnage ends the gorging Day,
 And stuff'd with Triumph, homeward reel their Way.

A Song, to the Tune of *Tweed-Side*.

WHat Charms do surround thy fair Form,
 What Beauties are glanc'd from thine Eyes ;
 The Graces thy Face do adorn,
 Our Senses and Souls do surprise.

Sweet Fragrance ambrosial and gay,
 With Innocence chaste and serene,
 Sit smiling around thee each Day,
 A ravishing Sight to be seen.

The Nightingale chimes to thy Voice,
 The *Sirens* do yield to thy Song ;
 With Ecchoes the Groves do rejoice ;
 Thy Musick the Swains have undone.

Thy Mein so erect, fair and tall,
 Such winning Attraction displays ;
 Thy Mind the best Beauty of all,
 My Wish and Affections does raise.

Thou peerless and sweet killing Dame,
 What *Cupids* do bask on thy Brow ;
 Their Shafts do augment my sad Pain,
 O quickly then grant me your Love.

Suspend me no longer in Pain,
 But sweetly vouchsafe me a Smile ;
 Nor let my Soul sigh thus in vain,
 Nor yet my fond Fancy beguile.

Come with me, my Maid, to yon Grove,
 Where Nymphs with their Swains do resort ;
 Whose Bowers invite us to Love,
 Where *Cupids* do revel and sport :

In Bliss we'll enjoy the long Day,
Our Flocks will be feeding close by,
Their Lambkins around us will play,
No Monarch's so happy as we.



A Song, to the Tune of *Bonny Jane*.

When softest Slumbers lull'd my Pain,
And downy Sleep becalm'd my Breast;
Free from Love's tyrannick Chain,
To sooth my Cares in balmy Rest.

The wily God withdrew his Dart,
That silent, lonely Moment chose;
To ease a while my bleeding Heart,
And give my aking Sense repose.

But ah! how vain the short respite,
The busy mocking Boy bestows,
Returning with redoubl'd might,
His dreadful Shaft unerring throws.

My fleeting fancy on the Wing;
Delusive Ideas wrought,
Her lovely Image soon did bring,
And rais'd the fair one in my thought.

She seem'd some Being from above,
Her melting presence shone Divine;
Her mein express'd the Queen of Love
Her radiant Eyes like Stars did shine:

What raptures fill'd my ravish'd mind;
When I beheld her Angel's form,
Her glancing smiles bespoke her kind,
And hid alas! her killing scorn.

With

With winged Arms I quickly flew,
 To grasp her to my melting Heart,
 Unhappy Swain I little knew,
 My coming woe and future smart.

With fullen frowns and haughty Face,
 She shew'd her proud and strange Surprise,
 And turning from my fond embrace,
 She veil'd the Lustre of her Eyes.

So o'er the face of *April* Sun,
 Some dark and gloomy Cloud is spread,
 Which blots the chearful ray at Noon,
 And fills the Shepherds Heart with dread.

Or as a Merchant from the Shore,
 Who discrys the precious Sail,
 When pregnant with the pearly Ore,
 And wafted by a peaceful Gale,

With joy he waits the welcome Ship,
 And views her from the verdant Brink,
 Glide smoothly through the yeilding Deep,
 And in one fatal Moment sink.

Like him bereav'd and in despair,
 With grief I loudly did complain,
 And in my Transports beat the Air,
 But gladly found it was a Dream.



A Song to the Tune of *Bony Broom*

SINCE love first hurl'd his golden Dart,
 And taught his Shafts to flie,
 Or wounded Swains did feel his Smart;
 None felt it more than I.

The fightless Boy has thrill'd me through,
 His Arrows pierc'd my Breast,
 The fatal Aim he took too true,
 Which robs my Soul of Rest.

My boiling Blood in rage doth move,
 Through all my Veins doth run,
 Still thronging to the seat of Love,
 It's flame hath me undone.

The tedious Nights I wake with Care,
 No slumbers close my Eyes,
 Still thinking of my charming Fair,
 'Till Day's bright Beams arise.

In her dear Breast my Soul doth live,
 Her breath's my vital Air;
 Her smiles alone can Comfort give,
 And sooth my killing care.

But O she Frowns when I implore,
 And smiles at all my grief,
 She scorns alas whom I adore,
 Nor yields the least Relief.

But God of love espouse my part,
 And give her equal Pain,
 O make her Sharer in my Smart,
 Nor let me love in Vain.

In her fair breast let pity Reign,
 And mercy keep its Throne,
 Can she destroy a dying Swain,
 Or see a Wretch undone.



On the BOYN ROCK.

WHERE ancient Boyn his edies run,
 In rowling streams against the Sun,

And

And do's in curling mazes stray,
 On liquid murmurs to the Sea ;
 Close by the spot of happy Ground,
 Where *Nassau* felt a harmless Wound :
 Who bravely fought, through fate his way,
 Nor damp'd by dangers won the Day ;
 Near that place, a Pile appears,
 Disguis'd with Age and Gray with Years ;
 It's nodding Summit seems to peep,
 And view it's shadow in the deep ;
 Upon it's brow is always seen,
 A Haugh-thorn Bush, that's ever green :
 It's Convex o'er the Current swells,
 The Concave forms two dreary cells ;
 That are a safe and cool Retreat,
 From Winter's Storms, and Summers heat ;
 Within whose Caverns now and then,
 Do meet young Lasses and young Men ;
 What there they do I dare but think,
 It's frightful sure so near the Brink :
 My friend and I have often sat,
 Upon it's Brow with chearful Chat ;
 Where with delight we'd sit and spy,
 The *Salmon* flouncing at a Flie ;
 And when the *Trout* with nimble Leap,
 Above the wave display'd his Shape ;
 And made the limpid Mirror swell,
 In curling Rings when down he fell.
 Thus engag'd the pleasant while,
 We did our Time and Cares beguile ;
 Then sunk in thought, enquir'd the Cause,
 Of what we saw and Nature's Laws :
 How Vapours drawn from Earth and Sea,
 By *Phœbus*'s warm attractive Ray ;
 Did wrapt in Clouds a while remain,
 And when condens'd descend in Rain :
 Then strain'd through Rocks did purer flow,
 And rose, refin'd in Springs below.
 Which straying from their native source,
 Unites in streams of rapid force ;

That

That blooming Verdure always yields,
 To paint the Lawns and fertil Fields :
 'Till lost in wonder we gave o'er,
 And learn'd their Author to adore ;
 From thence we saw, in order meet,
 Some Ships on Land, a moving Fleet ;
 Born by *Tritons* from the Shore,
 Who hung a Galley on each Oar :
 Sons of *Neptune* that can bear,
 Upon their Backs a Man of War :
 Those Oval Barks of skins are made,
 Their Paddl's like a broken Spade ;
 When fix'd within those whirling Dishes,
 They fill their Nets with shoals of Fishes ;
 Then each by lot receives his due,
 And homewards lugs his light Canoe :
 The Angler too with Flies and Hooks,
 That puddles in the Ponds and Brooks ;
 Expecting still some lucky rise,
 Who waits the Fortune of his Flies ;
 Him too we saw with Rod and Line,
 Amusing thought beguiling Time :
 When Faint and Dry he homewards came,
 And swore the Wind had spoil'd his Game ;
 Who said, he thrèw, and threw again,
 Exchang'd his Baits, but still in vain ;
 But added he, to chear my sorrow
 I hope to meet good sport to-morrow ;
 You see the River seems to clear,
 The Wind I hope will quickly veer ;
 Those friendly Clouds that hide the Sun,
 Will make a chearful dusky Noon ;
 When we shall to the Banks resort,
 And find an Hour's delightful sport.
 Fatigues to me are but a Sham,
 Could all this Road afford a Dram ;
 For shame, that none of all the Club
 Will at the Tavern sell some Bub.
 There's not a Brother, sure wou'd fail,
 But each wou'd help to drink his A L E ;

That

And

And every Day there passes many,
 That for a Dram would drop their Penny;
 As for me I'm always willing,
 Once a week to spend my Shilling.
 But let me see who shall we get,
 That at the Rock may sell some Wet ;
 Why *Frank*, ifaith's the only Man,
 For he and we are Cup, and Can,
 An honest hearty loving Fellow,
 Will crack a Crock till he is Mellow :
 And will besides provide a Dish,
 A pair of Rabbits or some Fish ;
 Not a Day or Night in twenty,
 You will find his Castle empty.
 There's nothing can his humour Curl,
 And on my soul he is no Churl ;
 Besides he may with ease attend,
 His Lordship's Work so near at hand :
 In short there's not a Man alive,
 That at the Rock would sooner thrive ;
 Now were we in Counsel set,
 And most of all the Club were met ;
 He said, when each with Heart and Voice,
 Made honest *Frank* the common Choice ;
 My Friend th' invited out of Hand,
 And soon possess'd him of his Land ;
 The House that long neglected lay,
 To weep it's Ruin in scraps of Clay :
 Do's now display it's gaudy Air,
 And proudly boasts its new Repair ;
 The tatter'd Roof disdains a Flaw,
 And shows its Fleece of Wheaten Straw ;
 With Walls and Windows plaster'd o'er,
 And temper'd Clay to pave the Floor ;
 Whilst all within is neat and clean,
 With Implements in order seen ;
 No more shall *Goblins* there resort,
 Or *Fairies* keep their midnight Court ;
 Now shall it's Crannys, Creeks and Holes,
 No longer lodge the *Batts* and *Owls*.

But

But now it will be ever gay,
 With WHISKY flowing Night and Day;
 Within this rural homely Spot,
 All carking cares are quite forgot.
 Here mirth and joy shall both abound,
 And Love and Friendship still go round:
 Here *Francis* sits at ease and rest,
 To entertain an honest Guest;
 A worthy Chap does now begin,
 And on my faith no pluck'em in;
 It's here old *Dudly* shews his Scars,
 And tells of *Flanders* and the Wars;
 Of *Hocksted's* plain and brave defeat,
 And how the creeping *French* were beat;
 And here his troubles to redress,
 Resorts the Noble Prince of *Hess*;
Mayo too, sedate and wise,
 Often comes to make his Flies:
Mayo with open candid Soul,
 A mind as Generous as the Bowl;
 Himself an honest chearful Guest,
 The life and grace of e'vry Feast;
 In him two shining gems contend,
 Which speak the *Scholar* and the *Friend*.
 But see the *Hero* by his side,
 Who cuff'd the Waves and foaming Tide;
 Sure friendship fir'd his worthy Heart,
 That could *Alti-des* charms desert;
 Not beauties power could him arrest,
 He waded dangers to the Waste:
 His presence glads the chearful throng,
 And sooth's their care with Pipe and Song;
 His Musick can a passage find,
 To move the Soul and lull the Mind.
 It's thus the Jocund Chorus join,
 And quaff in plenty at the BOYN,
 Boon companions daily flock,
 To meet a welcome at the Rock.



An Elegy on *John Wade*, Esq;

WITH gaily Smiles each sordid Miser's Shade,
 Rejoic'd to catch the welcome Ghost of *Wade*,
 With wide expanse their griping Arms unfold,
 To grasp the *Mammon* like a Bag of Gold;
 O! impartial Death we now too plainly see,
 Thy dreadful Dart disdains a Bribe or Fee;
 Could nothing than thy fatal Arm restrain,
 Not Heaps of Pelf or Thousands on the Plain;
 Whose woolly Loads th' Indigent never got,
 'Till Sheep and Fleece were suffer'd both to rot,
 His careful tender Heart could ne'er allow,
 That Colts and Fillies should be train'd to plow;
 Express'd Compassion to his Stud-Mare's Race,
 But made poor Men supply his Horses Place;
 His pamper'd Steeds ne'er felt the useful Yoke,
 The Breaking Bridle or the Rider's Stroke;
 But rovd' unbounded thro' the Meads and Wood,
 And like their Owner liv'd for no ones Good;
 Whilst he their Age and want of Teeth conceals,
 And hides their Years beneath their Mains and Tails:
 His simple Tradesmen with such Goods he paid,
 And for a Gelding gave some toothless Jade.
 The weeping Mice may now his Loss regret,
 When poor Men starv'd they fed on precious Wheat;
 Such Vermin in his Breast could Pity find,
 But shut the Door of Mercy to his Kind:
 The craving Needy from his Gate he warns,
 While Heaps of Corn lay Rotting in his Barns;
 His Niggard Soul begrudg'd the Food he Eat,
 Nine Days he strove to live without his Meat;
 Sure Avarice in him is solely fled,
 And Misers are with *Wade* and *Demar* dead:
 O! Fare them well since here they are no more,
 But snatch'd too late to curse their Idol Store;

What

What now avails their Bags of shining Dust,
 The useles Heaps that in their Coffers Rust;
 Those bolted Trunks that held their better Parts,
 Contain'd their Money and their sordid Hearts;
 A doleful Dialogue I fear they hold, I
 And find there is another God than God.

E P I T A P H.

YOU see at last poor *Wade* is dead,
 Who once had mighty Heaps of Gold;
 Nor is he worth ten Pound of Lead,
 If he were to the Surg'ons sold;
 But then theres *Flear's* under Ground,
 That soon will get a welcome Guest;
 And would not take two hundred Pounds,
 To miss a griping Miser's Feast.

~~~~~  
 An Elegy on poor *Robert Moore*, the  
 great Disputant.

**S**Agacious *MOORE* alas is gone to know,  
 The Truth of what he Fought for here below;  
 With warm Zeal both Night and Day he strove,  
 His Foes to baffle and his Cause to prove:  
 With endless Feuds his harmless Mind they Vext,  
 And plagu'd his Patience with some *Vulgar* Text;  
 But he Impregnant still their Quirks did Cuff,  
 And shew'd their Arguments were all but Stuff:  
 For twice a Week he enter'd in the Cause,  
 And never left the Field but with Applause;  
 By Dint of Reason, and by *Scripture* Force,  
 The only Arms to which he had Recourse.  
 He drove those haughty Sticklers from the Field,  
 And made their Champions to his Prowess yield;  
 No borrow'd Weapons did our *HERO* bring,  
 Resembling *DAVID*, with his Stones and Sling:  
 He came with Joy to meet th' unequal Foe,  
 Their great *Goliath* felt his parting Blow;

In him fair Truth, with native Lustre shone,  
 And sacred *Scripture* seem'd to be his own :  
*Religion*' Bulwark in his Rank he stood,  
 And never fail'd to make his Purpose good :  
 When three to one he often did Dispute,  
 He could their ablest *Causuists* confute ;  
 But who shall now those Enemies engage,  
 Since MOORE too soon has left the hostile Stage ;  
 Where he by list'ning Crowds, with Joy was seen,  
 To gain Applause in that important Scene :  
 With brave Success he still perform'd his Part,  
 Defended Truth without the Help of Art ;  
 He to the *Church* has signal Service done,  
 Who knew no Language, but his *Mother Tongue* ;  
 By that alone her Principles maintain'd,  
 And adverse *Quirks* and *Sophisms* disdain'd ;  
 The HOLY BIBLE for his Rule he took,  
 And drew his Reas'nings from that sacred Book ;  
 From thence with pious Hints he stor'd his Head,  
 And Demonstration follow'd all he said.  
 But Death came creeping in a slow Decay,  
 And Inch by Inch, he stole our Friend away ;  
 As if by tedious Arguments he'd have,  
 Our worthy Stickler to his lonely Grave :  
 Death came round him, with a tardy Scope,  
 As half unwilling to destroy our Hope ;  
 But gone he is, be it with Sorrow said,  
 Rejoice some Folks, for your great FOE is dead.  
 O ! *Shorthill* now you may, with *Gorman* cry,  
 Come on, come on, we all your Force defie,  
 To combat now we'll meet you without fail,  
 We'll bogg your Arguments, and drink your Ale :  
 And *Sheridan* too, ten to one, will hold,  
 The *Fox* being gone that *Gander* is grown bold ;  
 With nois'y Brags they loudly now will Vaunt,  
 And boasting cry we'll all your courage Daunt ;  
 We doubt not, but each Victory to gain,  
 Your Strength and Pride has left the hostile Plain.  
 So when *Achilles* from the War withdrew,  
 Each stripling *Trojan* dare the Fight renew ;

Those



Those poor *Poultrons*, that durst not see his Face,  
 Will now triumph since Death has chang'd the Case.  
 O! *Engine-Alley* Paint your blue Posts black,  
 Melt down your Pottles and your Pitchers crack;  
 Let all your Taps in mourning, Murmurs run,  
 And flowing Possets purl their Liquid moan:  
 Your Friend indeed, who once could bring you Trade,  
 A tedious Exit from your Doors has made;  
 A Friend he was and to your Interest kind,  
 A better Cause, has few such Friends behind.

## E P I T A P H.

POOR MOORE, who once could well Dispute,  
 And stand a tedious stiff Debate;  
 Theres only Death could soon confute,  
 Since ROBIN was run down by Fate,  
 'Till then no *Sophist* with his Art,  
 Could his discerning Sense deceive;  
 Death's Topicks touch'd him to the Heart,  
 And did convert him to the Grave.



To Mr. *Stanly* Apothecary.

OF all the Trades a Wit, is sure the worst,  
 For Poets are by Providence acurst;  
 The shabby Rogues get nothing for their Pains,  
 But empty Pockets and tormented Brains;  
 The great Reward adapted to their Lays,  
 Is Garret Lodgings and a little Praise,  
 True, good Fellows, now and then may treat 'em;  
 But, serious Ones of e'vry Sort do hate 'em,  
 Will curse their Epigrams and damn their Muse,  
 A better Trade say they to blacken Shoes;  
 As for those Raskals with the scrib'ling Itch,  
 Their donny Charters never to be Rich;  
 Are valu'd like a Monkey for his Tail,  
 And pledg'd by Doctors for a Pot of Ale.

An



## An Elegy on A---r---n W---e.

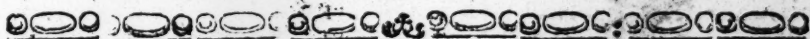
**L** E T *Quakers* Weep and *Builders* now Rejoice,  
 Since Death at last has made the wish'd-for Choice ;  
 At length he did by one unerring Stroke,  
 Thrust C-----r W-----e into a Chest of Oak ;  
 Its all the meagre Tyrant now affords,  
 Altho his Captive lov'd to deal in Boards ;  
 Unkind he was his Wooden Trade to hinder,  
 And sink his Credit in a Case of Timber :  
 Blame not me, nor think that I'm Scoffing,  
 For on my Faith I only mean his Coffin ;  
 Of all the Plank he ever sold or bought,  
 He has no more than makes him now a Coat :  
 The Workman came with Wings of joyful haste,  
 To make that Suit that was to be his last ;  
 For rather than so good a Jobb should stand,  
 Every *Chip* I'm sure would lend a Hand ;  
 Not one of all the chearful tribe would fail,  
 But each would strive to clinch the foremost Nail :  
 And I'll be bound that e'vry Man whatever,  
 Would take due Care to fasten down the Cover ;  
 Within his gloomy Mansion to immure him,  
 From the *World* and *Builders* to secure him :  
 O ! he's fled, but where by Fate he's driven,  
 To *Charon's* Coast or up the Road to Heaven ;  
 Is now indeed a Dark mysterious Doubt,  
 There's only W----- can find the Secret out ;  
 But of the two I'd boldly lay a Groat,  
 His welcome Shade was wasted in the Boat ;  
 What Point that lands at few or none can tell,  
 But some suspect it borders near to H----- ;  
 If on that Coast his Fortune was to fix,  
 He's still a Dealer on the Banks of Styx ;  
 And perhaps for his Judgment Skill and Care,

May

May be employ'd by *Pluto* for Surveyor.  
 Ye *Quakers* all lament Friend *W——* e with Tears,  
 Whole Character as black as You appears;  
 Who murder'd Trade and lop'd off ev'ry Joint,  
 That us'd the Rule and Compass faithful Point;  
 But now he's gone let injur'd Workmen have,  
 One joyful Day to Dance upon his Grave;  
 Whilst I pay Tribute to his hateful Herse,  
 And sing his Actions in vindictive Verse.

### THE E P I T A P H.

**W** I T H I N this Hole his Body lies,  
 His Soul is fled, the Lord knows where;  
 See the glad Croud with joyful Eyes,  
 Whilst each let's fall a chearful Tear;  
 Let ev'ry Foot tread down this Clod,  
 And willing Hands heap on the Clay;  
 Oh! bury deep the sordid Sod,  
 And lock it till the Judgment Day.



The following Lines are humbly Address'd to *Arthur Dobbs* and *John Coddington*, Esqrs. on the laudable Design to erect an Obelisk at the *Boyn*.

**W** H E N high Oppression crush'd the guilty Land,  
 And bleeding Justice claim'd the HERO's Hand;  
 When pale Religion sunk her mourning Head,  
 And glorious Liberty was almost fled.  
 No saving Arm could *Albion's* Rights maintain,  
 'Till *WILLIAM's* Hand soon broke the servile Chain;  
 His noble Soul *Brittania's* Thrall did see,  
 Redress'd her Wrongs and bid her once be Free.  
 What lofty Trophies should glad *Britons* raise,  
 To *NASSAU's* Glory and to virtue's Praise.  
 A Soul like His, who soar'd to deathless Fame,  
 In Deeds immortal as His sacred N A M E.

What

What breathing Statues and expressive Coin,  
Should speak his Actions and Record the *Boyn* ;  
Or Pyramids to shade th' illustrious Flood,  
And tell where once the Royal *HERO* stood :  
What stately Columns should adorn the Ground,  
Where Mighty *WILLIAM* felt a harmless Wound ;  
Who bravely fought (thro' storming Death) His Way,  
Repel'd the Foe and snatch'd the doubtful Day ;  
Whom Angels shielded in the sanguine Tide,  
Who turn'd fell Swords and flying Fates aside.

Yours it is by publick worth to claim,  
A Kingdom's Credit and a Patriot's *N A M E* ;  
To latest Times convey the Glorious Deed,  
Of rescu'd Justice and *Hibernia* freed :  
Such glowing Ardour do's your Bosoms fire,  
Such flaming Virtues do's your Thoughts inspire ;  
That thus you shine among the grateful few,  
And singly brave do's your Attempt renew :  
Your great Design that shall thro' Ages stand,  
The lasting Trophy of a loyal Land,  
When Men unborn shall at the Wonder gaze,  
Revere the *MONARCH* and the Founders Praise ;  
His deathless Wreaths will on your Labours live,  
Whilst you partake what His great Fame can give,  
Your Bays ingrafted on His Stock shall Bloom,  
The Curb of Tyrants and the Dread of *Rome* ;  
Expressive Emblems in rich Sculpture wrought,  
Shall date your Project, shew when *NASSAU* Fought.  
Thus display'd were *Trajan's* Deeds of old,  
In living Marble and in speaking Gold ;  
Such splended Labours with the Sun shall shine,  
And set with Nature at the End of Time ;  
All Hail to thee who came to us once more,  
A welcome Friend unto thy native Shore :  
Thy curious Mind to foreign Realms did roam,  
To bring their Knowledge, Arts and Virtue home ;  
Whilst Neighbours strive who shall applaud thee most ;  
Thy Skill the *Nation* and the *Boyn* shall boast.

FINIS.